

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE:
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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SATURDAY GAZETTE,
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR,
BELLVILLE, CALDWELL AND V. N.
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLI-
TICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ES-
PECIALLY OF LOCAL IN-
TERESTS.

All Political and Local questions, in-
cluding political and social, sanitary and
reformatory, educational and industrial
topics, will be clearly presented and fully
and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it
not only acceptable and interesting to the
general reader, but of special value to
citizens of Essex county and of real importance
to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair,
Caldwell, Bellville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns
that is unworthy of cordial welcome to
every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all
Public School Teachers in the county will
receive the paper gratuitously by sending their
address to our office. No postage to
be paid by subscribers.

Advertisements should be a valuable
medium. Our circulation extends to
every part of Essex county, and con-
siderably elsewhere.

Subscriptions and advertisements
will be received and forwarded by the
Postmaster, who will be allowed to retain
50 cents as commission on new subscribers
also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be
addressed by mail to:

W. M. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Banks, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

This institution commenced business on the
24th of February last, in the Knickerbocker
Building, No. 44 Broad Street, nearly opposite the
N. J. R. Depot. It is very conveniently lo-
cated for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and
vicinity who may desire to have banking facili-
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Mar. 1-19

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PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

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July 26

PEOPLES Savings Institution,

443 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

APRIL 15th, 1874.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers
held this day, a dividend at the rate of
7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM FREE OF
ALL TAXES

was declared on all deposits entitled
thereon the first of May, payable on and
after May 15th.

Interest not drawn will be credited as
principal from May 1st. Deposits made on
or before May 25th, will draw interest from
May 1st.

This institution will remove on or about
April 25th to its new building, corner
No. 44 Broad St., under the Continental
Hotel.

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July 26

THE MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.

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Continues to issue Policies of Insurance upon
first class lives. The membership of this Com-
pany is limited to one hundred thousand per-
sons. On the 1st day of December, 1873, there
were 80,140 Policies in force.

The Total Assets of the Company, were—
\$65,809,827.07.

and the Surplus division to Policy Holders
amounted to
\$5,727,785.03.

It is believed that no Company in this
country has secured equal advantage to insured
in respect of security or policy of management
and large returns by way of dividends.

Applications for Insurance may be made to
the Company directly, or to any of its Agents.

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approved Real Estate, and by the Com-
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the payment of any tax or charge other than the
necessary expense of examining titles.

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DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
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PAINT,
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NEWARK, N. J.

May 2-bum

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DR. P. J. KOONZ,

DENTIST,

No. 1 GREAT JONES ST., near Broadway.

NEW YORK.

Laughing Gas administered for the painless ex-
traction of teeth. sep2

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Successor to Reed & McKirgan.

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These Pens are completed in 15 numbers; of
the NUMBER ONE PEN alone we sold more than

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In 1873.

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justly celebrated for their elasticity, durability,
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97 Thomas Street, 60 Duane Street

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In this department we keep a very
superior and carefully selected stock of
Pens, Ink, Paper, Envelopes, and the like
usually found in New York stores, besides
which we have Ladies' English and French
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Vienna Pocket Books, in great variety.

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the like promptly and cheaply furnished.

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Ledger, and the better class of books we
make to order. We make books of any
pattern to order in the best manner known
to the trade, and never fail of giving sat-
isfaction. Checks, Drafts, Note and other
similar work lithographed to order in all
colors and styles.

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With a practical experience of over
10 years in the printing business, and own-
ing our own presses and type, we have facili-
ties in this department of our business
which enables us to combine promptness
and cheapness with taste and excellence of
execution beyond those usually afforded in
any office.

We shall be happy to furnish estimates
of all kinds of Blank Books and Printing;
if inconvenient, locally at our office, a true
copy by mail will secure our prompt attention.

For the Saturday Gazette.

DEAD
Dead! oh say not dead, good friend,
I pray thee say not dead—
Thou wilt transcend the cunning of thy art
And make to beat again that little heart?
No? And must those laughing eyes forever
cease?

Their wonted questioning into my own?
Refuse to turn from that fixed stare
To fondly seek me everywhere?
Those little lips that sought mine morn and
night.

And gave the fulness of a childish kiss,
My empty, sinking heart must forever miss
The little, folded hands upon my knee,
The curly head bowed in a perfect trust,
The lying prayer, breathed Oh so reverently
By lips that soon must mingle with the dust.

The third floor, I watched till it was safe
In sleep's reviving arms,
And lingered still to gaze, loth to depart,
For Oh it gave so much of comfort to my
heart.

I beg, bid to kiss, as oft before,
But, ah, a kiss, the last, forever more,
Oh that in touching those dear, speechless
lips
Their cold contagion might transfer my heart
In rigid silence to I heard
A childish voice calling me homeward,
Kind God, breathe sweet assurance in my soul
And hope, and strength, and self-control.

H. C. T.

A Stamped in 1524.

"And you'll not give me one good
word, Elsie? You'll not even speak to
me?"

The questioner was a tall, handsome
man, though somewhat worn-looking, and
decidedly shame-faced. The person he ad-
dressed was a woman, about thirty years
old, who had come to the well-head,
where a small stream of pure water
trickled through a rude spout inserted in
a crevice of the rock. Elsie had put down
her pitcher and was waiting for it to fill.

Leaving meanwhile with both arms on the
cave stone wall which protected the
spring from the encroachments of the cat-
tle, and looking everywhere but at the
speaker. "You'll not even look at me!" re-
peated Duncan Scott, wistfully, "and this
perhaps the last time we'll ever meet by
the well-side, where we have spent a
manifold hours. Won't you just speak
to me, Elsie?"

"That will I not!" answered Elsie, turn-
ing on him with womanly indignation and
more than womanly inconsistency. "That
will I not!" Duncan Scott! I wonder you
dare so much as look at me after what you
said, and what you even said to me the last
time we met here. I think it shame that
ever I cared for the likes of you.

To judge from your face, Duncan seemed
to find comfort even in these sharp
words. But Elsie, woman—

"I'll hear nothing, Duncan—not a word!"
interrupted Elsie, her blue eyes flashing
fire as she remembered her wrong.
"I'll never wear a jealous-pated fool,
and jealous of whom?" she asked in a tone
of utmost scorn. "Of my own foster-brother
that was nursed at the breast of my mother?
I wonder you did not think of Halbie, or
poor witless Michael in the ingle-
nook."

"What, Elsie, would you but listen—"
"No, I'll not listen. For what said I
listen?"

"But you might tell me how it was,
Elsie? You might say a word to explain
what you were doing with young Fernie-
hurst so late at night?"

Again Elsie turned on him.

"Explain!—and what for said I ex-
plain, or what right have you to think any
explanation needed? Is not Ferniehurst
my own foster-brother, as I told you, and
as you know well enough? And is not
that the same as mine own brother, and
more? But I will explain, said the poor
girl, forcing back the tears which were
too ready to run over. "Ferniehurst loves
bonny Mary, Harden's daughter, that's
away in Edinboro' with her aunt for safety;
and knowing me to be an old friend and
playmate of the young lady's, he gave me
a letter and token for her, against her
coming home; knowing that no man's life
is safe for a day, with the English camped
here in our very midst. So there ye have
the tale, and such good may it do you
all."

"You needn't try to come round
me that gate, Duncan!" she added, in a
firm but scornful tone, withdrawing the
hand that Duncan would have taken.
"All's over between us. I have borne
much from this from your jealous humors,
but I'll bear no more. I'll have naught
to say to any man who can call me, but
you called me that night. Go your ways
—with whom you will. I wish you no ill
but all the good in the world; but you are
no more to me nor I to you! Fare ye
well!"

So saying, Elsie took up her pitcher,
which he had for some time been holding
over, and walked down the path, without so
much as casting a look behind. Duncan
seemed to feel that his cause was hopeless
for he followed sorrowfully enough, and
did not even attempt to speak again.

Twelve days in Scotland, at no time before
the eighteenth century a very safe or quiet
place of residence, was peculiarly unhappy
in the year 1524. The English army, un-
der Surry, was encamped near Jedburgh,
which place the Admiral so sorely hated,
and wasted that no garrison nor none other
should be lodged there. From their
camps the English made forays and incu-
sions on all sides, burning, wasting and
plundering all that came in their way.

The Scots, "even their enemies themselves
being judged," made a brave resistance,
and according to Surry's own account
they gave their invaders plenty of work,
and "kept them in so perpetual skirmish"
as the Lord Admiral "never saw the like."

The little farm—firm it could be called—
of Craigend, had hitherto escaped the
spoilers. It lay thoroughly sheltered from
notice in a nook of the hills, where the
steep, bare, rocky from a small and
rapid stream, left room for a meadow or
level space of some sixty acres in extent.
At the upper end of this tract of fertile

land, stood the peel or tower of Craigend,
a rude building of rough stone, three
stories in height, surrounded by a wall
of masonry, the latter constructed
chiefly of mud and turf, and serving as a
shelter for the cattle at night. Not far
from the tower, the stream tumbled over
a precipice in a considerable cascade, and
after winding from side to side of the val-
ley, it issued at the lower end through a
pass so narrow, intricate and precipitous,
that five resolute men might easily hold it
against a hundred. The holder of this
little fortalice was Halbert Scott, or Hal-
bert of Craigend, a retainer of the lord
of Ferniehurst, who in his turn owed fealty
service to the lord of Buccleugh. Hal-
bert was an old man, unable to bear arms,
but his two sons, Ambrose and David,
were with their lord, helping to garrison
the stronghold of Ferniehurst, which lay
but a few miles distant across the hills.

Duncan Scott was Elsie's cousin, and
her betrothed lover. This was by no
means their first quarrel, for Duncan was
jealous, and Elsie was not easily won, but
had matters gone so far between them as
now. Never had Elsie shown herself so
implacable. Her anger was not wholly
unreasonable, for Duncan had done her
grievous wrong. He had seen his be-
trothed, and Elsie had never again been
in the gloaming. He had not been able to
overhear their words as they paced the
cave-side, but he had seen Ferniehurst put
into her hands something made of gold
which glittered brightly in the moonlight
—of that he was certain—and then speed-
ily, while Elsie was not looking, he had
taken it, and had taken it from her very
hand, and took the path to their old
trying-place by the well as if nothing
had happened.

"Aye, so!" thought Duncan; "she
thinks to meet me there, and to beguile me
with her fine words while she has Fernie-
hurst's love-token resting on her very
head. But she shall hear my mind on it
ere we part."

And so it came to pass that when Elsie,
in the innocence of her heart, came gayly
forward to meet her lover, she was assailed
by a torrent of accusation and reproaches.
Elsie answered him, coldly and sternly,
with a face that gleamed white as marble
in the moonlight.

"Duncan Scott, ye have dared to light-
le me—me, Halbert of Craigend's daugh-
ter—on whose fair fame no man nor woman
ever breathed before. And wherefore?
Because you saw me in talk with my
foster-brother, and you took it into your
own born brain, if I were to tell you
my father or my brothers, or Ferniehurst
himself what you have said, no hole in
Craigburn moss would be deep enough to
hide you from their wrath. But I wish
you no ill. You may go your own way
and keep your own counsel, but you shall
by day or by night, to speak to me again."

With that she drew from her finger her
betrothal ring, and throwing it on the
ground at his feet, she passed from him
like a shadow and was gone.

This quarrel had taken place a week
since, and now once had Duncan for-
gotten to speak to Elsie alone. This even-
ing, however, believing him to be still at
work in the harvest field, she had ventured
once more to the well for water, and
here Duncan had surprised her and plead-
ed his cause, unsuccessfully as we have heard.

She had been hidden in a little recess of
the hill, behind a great projecting crag.
As Elsie turned round this crag, she uttered
a vehement exclamation of surprise and
terror, and casting away her pitcher with
little regard for its safety, she started to
run down the steep path which led to the
burn-side. Duncan arrived a little later,
and stood for some time looking after her
sorrowful procession had entered the
valley at its lower end, and was wending
its way toward the tower. Foremost
came Ambrose of Craigend, supporting on
a weary and travel-worn horse, an elderly
lady who seemed ready to drop from her
seat. Three or four more, on foot, were
behind, carrying great bundles of straw,
apparently snatched up in haste, and finally
came David, mounted on another horse, his
arm and head bound up with many a
bloody stain on horse and armor. Duncan
descended not long, but descending the brae
like a wild duck, he joined the party just
as it passed the crag, and the last of the
old Halbert, apprised of its approach
was already standing.

"Alack and woe's me!" exclaimed the
old man. "My dear and honored lady,
has it come to this?"

"Even as you see, my good friend," an-
swered the lady sadly.

"But when?"

"Dacre, with his Englishmen, came
upon us at daybreak," answered the lady
of Ferniehurst. "Our men fought bravely,
none could do better; but the enemy were
in overwhelming force. My son is a pris-
oner; most of our brave kinsmen and ser-
vants are slain, and there is not left one
upon whom I can rely at Ferniehurst. But
for these, your brave sons, I had not been
here to tell the tale, and I fear that David
is wounded to death."

"He could never die better," answered
the old man, giving his hand to the lady
whom Ambrose bore by this time down
from her horse. "You are most welcome
lady, to my nook, which may be safer in
these times than many a lordly hall, and
if they do, there are the caves in the hill
to which we may retreat till the storm be
overpast."

All was now bustle in and around the
little tower. The best accommodation the
place afforded was hastily provided for the
old lady of Ferniehurst and her women,
while the men found a scarce rougher
shelter in the barns and out-houses. A
sheep was quickly killed and dressed, the
heads of the wounded were attended to,
and some degrees of quiet began to be re-
stored. When Elsie, passing from the house
to the cow shed, came upon Duncan Scott,
bringing in with his own manly hands the
full pail of milk.

"I have sought the cows for you, Elsie,"
said he, humbly enough.

"Many thanks; but you need not have
fished yourself," was the lady's answer.

"Elsie, will nothing I can do win your
forgiveness?" asked poor Duncan.

"Aye," answered Elsie, turning swiftly
upon him. "Bring back my foster-broth-
er to his mother's arms—my foster-brother,
who was taken bravely fighting while you
were lying here, and I will forgive you."
As soon as the words were spoken, Elsie
wished them unsaid. She knew that they
were cruelly unjust and unkind; that Duncan
had stayed at home solely that he might
help her father to secure their scanty
harvest of oats. She knew that no braver
man than Duncan ever came of the name
of Scott. But she was so proud to take
back her words, and she passed on. She
returned in half an hour to see her rejected
lover standing in the same place and atti-
tude in which she had left him. She
would have passed, but he laid a detain-
ing hand on her arm.

"Elsie," said he, in a voice which trem-
bled at first but grew stronger as he pro-
ceeded. "Elsie, we are now even, for if I
called you an ill name, as I did to my
shame, you have evened me to a coward.
You bid me bring back your foster-brother.
I will bring him back never again here.
For you will, as I am now, be as proud
of Duncan of Edin, think that he is dead,
and that he died blessing you."

Before she could answer, if, indeed, she
had made up her mind what to say, he had
kissed her forehead and was gone. The
next morning Duncan was missing. A
shepherd on the hills had seen him early in
the morning striding down the glen. Day
after day passed, and yet he did not return.

Surry was still encamped near Jedburgh,
bringing great store of booty in sheep and
cattle, and many prisoners, and the young
lord of Ferniehurst, a near kinsman of
Buccleugh, and a prize of no mean val-
ue. Lord Dacre had not chosen to join his
forces to those of Surry, but lay encamped
on the hillside at some little distance, the
horses of his troop being together in a field
close at hand, and under a proper guard.
The prisoners, carefully watched, occupied
a tent by themselves. Lord Dacre himself,
having left everything in perfect security,
was supping with the Admiral. Thomas
Timms, keeping watch over the aforesaid
horses, was listening to the adventures of
his bosom friend and boon companion,
John Davis, who had been out with the
marauding party, when he suddenly made
the latter a signal for silence.

"What now?" asked the latter, in a low
tone.

"Didst ever hear that the men of these
parts had horns like a hart?" asked Thom-
as Timms, in a somewhat troublous whis-
per.

"No. What means that fool's question?"

"Because here in the last five minutes
have I seen a pair of horns raised above
you wall, and the last time there was a
man's head under them—and there again
they were!"

"More likely some Scotch spair," an-
swered the more valiant Davis. "I will try
his devilship's head will turn a cloy-tray
shaft. Where did you see him?"

"Over right the thorn yonder—and there
—see, by the thorn yonder—and again—"
Davis raised his bow, and fitted his ar-
row, but before he could draw it to a head
a wild yell rose from the quarter to which
his attention was directed, and three or
four wild looking figures with horns and
other strange disguises sprang into the in-
closure. The horses terrified by the strange
sight and sound, burst into a mad gallop,
and the prisoners, through the camp, and
down upon Surry's quarters, swept all be-
fore them in indiscriminate confusion.

"The Scots!" was the cry. Arrows and
guns were discharged at random, still more
alarmed the maddened horses, which ran
through the camp overwhelming beasts and
men, and in a few moments the scene was
lost. It was long ere order was restored,
and when things were once more quiet, a
scene of damage and loss was displayed
by the dismayed and angry eyes of the
Admiral. Tents were borne down and lay
"along," arms were scattered and destroy-
ed, heads and limbs were broken, while
out of more than a thousand cavalry hor-
ses, eight hundred were wholly missing.
Worst of all, the tent where the prisoners
had been confined was thrown down and
the prisoners were gone. Dacre's men—
may, Lord Dacre himself was ready to
swear that the devil had appeared in bodily
shape, six times at least in the hour, and
to his power—doubtless invaded by the
Scots—the whole disaster was attribut-
ed to the devil. The Admiral was by no means
content with this explanation, but there was
nothing to be done. Both horses and men
were gone beyond recovery.

It was growing toward sunset, on the
third day after the alarm, when a herald
from a young lady, who, in the scantiness
of the garrison at Craigend, had been set
to keep watch at the entrance of the glen,
came running to the tower with the news
that "three or four brave riders on great
horses were coming up the stream."

"Riders! Any you sure, callan?" asked
old Halbert, anxiously.

"Aye, and on brave great steeds, such as
the Southrons ride," answered the lad;
"and I am sure that the foremost man of
all is Duncan of Edin himself."

asked the old man, when the tumult of
joy and welcome had somewhat subsided.

"Where there were plenty more," an-
swered Duncan, laughing. "We drove the
whole of Dacre's horse out through their
camp, and brought of some eight hundred
of the best—me and the Liddesdale lads—
and Hal Elliot has them in safe-keeping
where Dacre will never find them. The
Southrons thought the devil was among
them, sure enough, when they saw Halbie
and me leap over the wall with the buck-
horns on our heads. It was a desperate
venture, but we carried it through, and here
we are."

Elsie was like one in a dream. Duncan
had not spoken to her nor looked at her.
Wishing for time to think, she took her
pitcher and went once more to the holy
well for water, and leaning over the wall
as it filled, she wiped a few drops from her
eyes.

"He must do as he will," she murmured;
"I have put myself so far in the wrong that
I dare not say a word. I must even bide
and see how it will turn out."